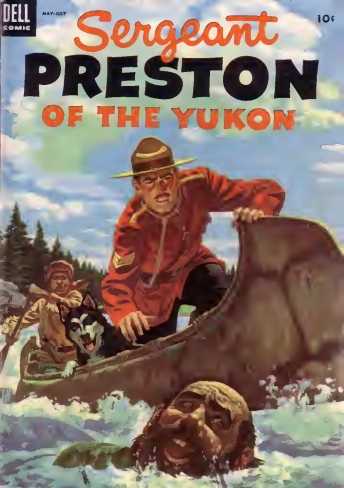




Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



SERGEANT PRESTON'S ARCTIC DIARY

Most travellers in the Arctic don't even notice the little lemming. They see the caribou, the moose, the polar bear and other large animals but seldom see the tiny Arctic lemming. Yet, the lemming provides food for many other northern animals just as the common rabbit is the basic food of many hunting animals in southern forests. The lemming lives almost entirely under the snow during the winter, coming out only for an occasional glance around. He builds miles of intricate burrows under the snow and goes about scratching down to the earth to get seed and grasses on which to live. For this purpose, the lemming grows exceedingly large claws behind the regular third and fourth claws on both his forefeet. These claws grow only in the colder months when the lemming must really scratch for his living and disappear again in the spring. During the cold months, the lemming is perhaps the only animal with seven claws on both front feet. He can also open and close the external openings of his ears to shut out the biting cold or dripping water.



One of nature's greatest mysteries, however, was the lemming's habit of running into the sea and drowning themselves every few years. This was especially noticeable in Norway where thousands upon thousands of them leaped off the Norwegian cliffs into the Atlantic. Many people thought the lemmings were committing suicide. Today, it is known that this mass suicide is due to starvation. The lemming population in a given area increases so fast that suddenly there is no longer enough food to keep them alive. The animals go into a frenzy and run in every direction. Those that run toward the sea, leap into the water and drown themselves simply because their terror is so great that they lose all their instinct for self-preservation. But many who go inland, survive by finding more food and soon the lemming population is growing again.

Sergeant PRESTON

AND
THE CALUMET
GOLD ROBBERIES

A POLICEMAN! YOU'RE THE MAN
I WANT TO TALK TO! I'M JACK
STORM---FROM THE STATES!

I'M SERGEANT
PRESTON! IS
SOMETHING WRONG?



MORE THAN WRONG! I OWN THE
CALUMET MINE, DOWN-RIVER FROM
HERE! MY FOREMAN, LUKE FILER,
HAS WRITTEN ME THAT THE THREE
ROBBERIES HE REPORTED
HAVE GONE
UNNOTICED.

REALLY?



YES---REALLY, SERGEANT! THE FIRST ROBBERY WAS
ELEVEN MONTHS AGO! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS'
WORTH OF GOLD---TAKEN FROM FILER BY NABBED
MEN ON THE WAY TO
TOWN! THIRTY-FIVE
THOUSAND TAKEN IN ALL
AND YOU MOUNTAINS
HAVE DONE---
NOTHING!



MR. STORM, LET'S GO TO
HEADQUARTERS, NOW! I
DOUBT IF ANY SUCH
ROBBERIES WERE
REPORTED---
BUT WE'LL MAKE
SURE!



THEY MUST HAVE
BEEN REPORTED,
SERGEANT!
LUKE FILER
WROTE ME

WE'LL SEE,
MR. STORM!

IT'S HIM!











TRAILING BY AIR SCENT, KING HEADS STRAIGHT
FOR A THICKET OF YOUNG TREES .



... AND STREAKS THROUGH IT, SCARCELY SLOWING
HIS SPEED ...





SUDDENLY, AS LUKE TWISTS ABOUT, HIS COAT-TAIL GIVES WAY

KNOWING THAT ESCAPE DEPENDS ON HIS GANGL, LUKE THROWS HIMSELF AFTER IT! DEEPENING WATER SLOWS KING





SINCE WE CAN'T TRACK THE BUSHWHACKER, WE'D BETTER KEEP ON TO THE MINE! IT'S POSSIBLE WE MAY FIND LUKE FILER THERE...



AT RIDDER'S CABIN--- A MILE DOWN THE RIVER AND OFF THE TRAIL ---

WELL, LUKE, DO YOU GET YOUR GAME?

I DON'T KNOW...



DIDN'T YOU STOP TO MAKE SURE, YOU FOOL? WHAT WENT WRONG? YOU'RE ALL WET---

COUPLE OF MOUNTIES SHOWED UP --- HEARD MY SHOT? TOOK ONE LOOK AT STORM, ON THE GROUND, AND ONE OF 'EM--- SERGEANT PRESTON, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ME!



THAT BIG DOG OF HIS MUST HAVE HEARD OR SCENTED ME? CHASED ME INTO THE RIVER--- TORE MY COAT! I JUST BARELY GOT AWAY IN THE CANOE BEFORE PRESTON SAW ME! I NEED SOME DRY CLOTHES ---



--- AND SOME GRUB, AND MY HORSE! AND MY HALF SHARE OF THAT THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN DUST YOU'VE GOT CASHED HERE, RIDDER! I'M CLEARING OUT!

YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE MINE--- JUST AS YOU ARE, LUKE! I WANT NO WET, TORN CLOTHES FOUND HERE!



I'LL TAKE FIVE, THOUGH! YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH STORM OFF WITH SOMETHING ELSE! IT OUGHT TO BE EASY, IF HE'S BADLY HUNT!

BUT---BUT THE RISK'S TOO BIG, RIDDER! FOR YOU, TOGO WE COULD SPLIT THE GOLD AND BEAT IT I---











I DON'T CARE! I'M PLEADING GUILTY! BUT I'LL BET EVEN WITH RIDDER FOR USING ME TO PULL HIS CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE HE DOESN'T THINK I SAW HIM HIDE THAT GOLD, BUT I DID! AND I'LL TAKE YOU THERE, RIGHT NOW!



THE RAT! IT'S LUCKY FOR ME I FOLLOWED HIM HERE!



I'LL HAVE TO SLOPE--- BEFORE THE MOUNTIES COME AFTER ME! DODGE RIDDER IS GOING TO GOON! 'EM ABRIN--- AND IN TIME!



SERGEANT PRESTON? I HEARD A HORSE --- GALLOPING OFF THROUGH THE BRUSH!

SO DID I! GET HIM, KID!

ARRR-OFF!



YOU STAY HERE WITH THE PRISONER AND JACK! STORM! KING AND I WILL HANDLE THIS, BAKER!



FILET TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND RIDDER'S CACHE OF GOLD DUST! IF HE'S RIGHT, AND IT'S NOT BEEN MOVED--- THAT'S WHERE I'LL FIND RIDDER--- AND KING!





Sergeant PRESTON

AND
THE SHELF RIDGE INCIDENT



IT'S SOLD, TOMMY! ENOUGH TO
BUY US ALL THE THINGS WE WANT!
AND THERE'S MORE-----

WHERE DID
YOU FIND
THEM, SAO?



I FOUND THEM AT THE END OF MY MINE TUNNEL!
THE LAST SMALL BLAST UNCOVERED A VEIN OF
"MOTTEN" QUANTS--- WITH THESE CHUNKS OF
SOLD IN IT--- LIKE
PLUMS IN A
PUFFING!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THOUBLE --- THE PLACE IS RIGHT
WHERE THE TUNNEL CROSSED THE BOUNDARY OF
MY CLAIM! I'LL HAVE TO FILE ON THAT LAND
ADJOINING OURS RIGHT
AWAY! ---

YES! BEFORE SOME
BODY ELSE FINDS
OUT ABOUT IT! WE'D
BETTER START FOR
TOWN NOW, SON!



IT'S LATE, TED! WON'T
THE CLAIMS OFFICE
BE CLOSED WHEN
YOU REACH TOWN?

WELL---I
HOPE NOT!

IF IT IS, WE CAN
STAY OVERNIGHT!
YOU AND TOMMY
WILL BE ALL RIGHT
HERE ALONE, I
RECKON, SAUGHTENT!

THOUGH IT IS EARLY SPRING, FRESH SNOW COVERS THE TRAIL TO TOWN--- MAKING SLIPPERY FOOTING FOR THE OLD MAN.

WE'LL MAKE BETTER TIME IF YOU RIDE THE SLED, GRAMP! YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS FACE UP VERY LONG.



I CAN FOR A WHILE, SON! WHEN I CAN'T--- I'LL RIDE!

SOME HOURS LATER... IN TOWN...

HELLO, GRAMP! NOW'S EVERYTHING OUT AT SHELF RIDGE?

FINE---JUST FINE. JAKE? GIVE ME SIX PLUGS OF SMOKING, WILL YOU?



SIX PLUGS, GRAMP? YOU'RE SPURGING, AREN'T YOU?

BECKON I CAN AFFORD TO, NOW? MY BOY, TED, HAS STRUCK IT RICH! HE CAME IN JUST NOW TO REGISTER HIS NEW CLAIM---



AS GRAMP BUBBLES OVER WITH PRIDE AND INFORMATION, A SHIFT-EYED STRANGER TAKES IT ALL IN...

--- BUT THE CLAIMS OFFICE WAS CLOSED! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT UP AT THE MOTEL, I RECKON! DON'T LIKE TO LEAVE CLAIRE AND LITTLE TOMMY ALONE ALL RIGHT--- BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED!



--- AND SLIPS OUT, UNNOTICED!

YUP! I RECKON CLAIRE WON'T HAVE TO HOLD ONTO HER LITTLE CARDBOARD BOX OF "DUST" QUITE SO TIGHT, NOW --- HEH, HEH, HEH! DOUBLE HANDFUL OF RUGGERS MAKES QUITE A DIFFERENCE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN A THIRD-RATE CAFE---

LOOK, CAL--- I'VE JUST FOUND OUT WHERE WE CAN GET OUR POCKETS FILLED --- WITH GOLD!

YEAH? GIVE, CHARLEY!



OUT ON SHELF RIDGE --- A WOMAN AND A KID, ALONE
--- WITH A WAD OF DUST AND RUSSETS! MEN FOLKS
WON'T BE BACK THERE TILL TOMORROW! LIKE
TAKING CANDY AWAY FROM A BABY, CALF!

UMPH! SOUNDS GOOD!



LET'S HITCH UP THE
DOGS AND START
NOW

JUST MY IDEA, CALF! WE
CAN BE ACROSS THE
BORDER TOMORROW---
WHERE WE'RE HEADED
ANYWAY! WITH THE
COLD AND GRUB!



IN THE LITTLE TWO-ROOM CABIN ON SHELF RIDGE,
ELAINE NORTON TUCKS HER SMALL SON INTO
HIS BUNK.

GOOD NIGHT, TOMMY! SLEEP
TIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT,
MUMMY---



YOU'RE NOT AFRAID---WITH ME TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU--- ARE YOU, MUMMY?

OF COURSE NOT,
TOMMY! HAPPY
DREAMS!



MUCH LATER, ELAINE IS ABOUT TO RETIRE WHEN
A THUMPING ON THE DOOR STARTLES HER...

SOMEBODY KNOCKING!
I WONDER WHO?
WE HAVEN'T ANY
NEIGHBORS



'EVENING, MA'AM! YOU'RE
TED NORTON'S WIFE?

WHT---WHT, YES,
I AM! HAS---
HAS ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO---







SOON THE TWO CORTÉGES ARE "BURNING UP" THE TRAIL, ON THE WAY OUT TO SHELF RIDGE

FASTER, YOU HUSKIES! KEEP UP WITH KING! WE CAN MAKE TIME, HERE.

YIP-YIP! FARK!

LESS THAN THREE MILES FROM HORTON'S CABIN, YUKON KING CATCHES A FAMILIAR SCENT---AND BOUNCES AHEAD, BARKING

TARK! TARK! TARK!

KING! OH, HORT IS FARK'ING HERE. THAT MEANS SERGEANT PRESTON---

EEEEEK! TARK! FARK!

TOMMY HORTON! YOU'RE ALONE---ON THE TRAIL? AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

SERGEANT PRESTON! BOY, AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU---AND KING!

WHAT'S WRONG, FELLOW. YOUR MOTHER---

TWO BAGMEN TIED HER UP! THEY TOOK ALL OUR GOLD---AND FOOD!

YOU TAKE TOMMY, GRIMPS! I'LL RACE AHEAD AND SEE TO MRS. HORTON! TWO CROSSBOWED HER AND LEFT HER TIED---

I'M COMING WITH YOU, SERGEANT!





THREE HOURS LATER... AND ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD OF PRETOR, THE TWO ROBBERS TRUDGE BEHIND THEIR TIRED AND HUNGRY TEAM



RECKON WE OUGHT TO REST AND FEED OUR DOGS, CHARLEY? THEY'LL GIVE OUT IF WE DON'T!

DEAR... CHANCES ARE NOBODY WILL BE TAKING OUR TRAIL TILL SOME- TIME TOMOR- ROW...



WE'LL KEEP ON PAST THAT LITTLE RIDGE... THEN DOUBLE BACK AND CLIMB TO A SPOT WHERE WE CAN WATCH OUR BACK TRAIL



HALF AN HOUR LATER... THIS PLACE WILL DO!

"YEAH" WE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT FROM ANYBODY FOLLOW- ING OUR TRAIL... AND IN EASY RIFLE SHOT!



I'LL START THE FIREWAVE STOVE AND BOIL THE BILLY---

HOLD IT, GUY! I HEAR THE SOUND OF SLED RUNNERS! WE'VE BEEN TRAILED!





OW! THAT SLID KICKED
ROCK SPLINTERS INTO
MY GREEK! CHARLEY---
YOU GOT TO PLUG THAT
MOUNTIE! HE'S GOT
US PINNED DOWN...

DON'T I
KNOW IT?
I'M TRY-
ING...



MISSED AGAIN!
MOONLIGHT'S
NIGHT TO
SHOOT BY---

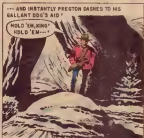
---ON ELSE
YOU'RE A
BOW SHOT?
GIVE ME
THAT RIFLE--



A GRAY-AND-WHITE SHAPE HURTLIES DOWN ON THE
RIFLEMAN, KNOCKING HIM LOOSE FROM HIS
WEAPON.

YEEOW!

HEP--!



--- AND INSTANTLY PRESTON DASHED TO HIS
GALLANT DOG'S AID!

HOLD 'EM, KIDS!
HOLD 'EM---



ALL RIGHT!-- DROP YOUR
WEAPONS BEFORE I DROP YOU!

YII!

AAAA,
AAAA!



THERE! THE JOB'S DONE, KIDS--- THANKS TO YOU!
AND WHEN WE RETURN THE STOLEN GOLD TO THE
THE HORTONS, WE'LL CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!

Sergeant PRESTON

AND THE STOLEN HORSE

HOWDY, MISTER! IS THAT
YOUR HORSE IN THE
CORRAL? NOW ABOUT
A SWAP.

SWAP--- FOR THAT
WORN-OUT GRAY OF
YOURS? WHY SHOULD
I, STRANGER?

ONE MORNING, AFTER WINTER'S BREAKUP, A
YOUNG MINER, HANK CLANSON, HAD AN
UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

HERE'S WHY, MISTER! I'LL GIVE
YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH
OF THIS GOLD DUST TO BOOZ FOR
YOUR HORSE! NOW
GOES THAT
STRIKE YOU?

LET'S SEE
THE COLOR OF
YOUR "DUST"!

GRAY, YOUNG FELLER--- TAKE
A LOOK AT THIS ---

I'M LOOKING...

--- AND I'M ADVISING YOU NOT TO REACH FOR
YOUR GUN, MISTER! YOU STOLE THAT GOLD
FROM MY FRIEND, SAM DUFFEE!

HUH? YOU'RE
CRAZY!

CRAZY? NOT AT ALL! I MADE
THAT MOOSEHIDE POKE FOR OLD
SAM--- AND BURNED ON IT HIS
INITIALS, "S. D." NOW--- MARCH
INTO MY CARIN, AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS HIGH---



IN THE WINDOWLESS STOREROOM, DUSTY SPENCER COMES TO HIS SENSES---SOON AFTER HANK HAS LEFT.



UMPHMMMM? WHERE AM I? MMM, TIED UP! THAT YOUNG ROOSTER MUST HAVE---MM?---BROCKED ME OUT.

AN IDEA FOR ESCAPE FLASHES INTO THE ROBBER'S CUNNING BRAIN---AND INSTANTLY HE PUTS IT INTO ACTION.



HE FORGOT THAT CANDLE! MY LUCK---

AFTER BREAKING THE BOTTLE WITH HIS HEEL, DUSTY RUBS HIS BONDS AGAINST THE JAGGED EDGE OF THE GLASS, UNTIL THEY PART.



I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL SOMEBODY OPENS IT! THEN---THIS STICK OF FIREWOOD WILL COME IN HANDY! REAL HANDY!



CAN'T---MEN---BUOGE IT! DOGS---GEE?---BARNED ON OUTSIDE---



A LITTLE LATER---AT OLD SAM DUFFER'S CABIN---

YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE NOT HURT, SAM? I WAS AFRAID HE'D KILLED YOU!

MIGHT AS WELL HAVE, HANK! HE STOLE ALL MY GOLD---TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DUST! ENOUGH TO KEEP ME IN COMFORT---REST OF MY LIFE---

YEAH KINN---SAY! I'D BETTER HEAD FOR DAWSON NOW AND GET THE MOUNTIES! BUT FIRST, I'LL HELP YOU TO THE BUNK...

YEAH---GODDAMN! I'M AS WEAK AS A SIDE OAT! THAT CROOK SLUBBED ME! AND MY HEART ISN'T---(GROANS!)

HERE'S YOUR POKE OF "DUST", SAM! I TOOK IT AWAY FROM HIM--- AND LOCKED HIM UP IN MY STOREROOM! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID WITH THE REST...

THANKS, HANK! YOU'RE A GOOD LAD! BETTER GET TO THE POLICE, QUICK--- (GROANS!)

SOME HOURS LATER, HANK CLAWSON DRAWS REIN AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

CONSTABLE BAKER! I'VE GOT TO TALK WITH SERGEANT PRESTON---QUICK!

SERGEANT PRESTON ISN'T THERE, CLAWSON.

BUT---BUT KINN IS HERE! I NEVER HEARD OF SERGEANT PRESTON LEAVING HIS DOG BEHIND---

HE THOUGHT KINN NEEDED A REST. BUT WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CLAWSON?

OLD SAM GUFFEE WAS SLUBBED AND ROBBED OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN DUST THIS MORNING! I HAPPENED TO SPOT THE ROBBER---AND I'VE GOT HIM LOCKED UP! BUT THE SOONER HE'S IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE, THE BETTER---

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN HANK'S LOG CABIN, MILES AWAY---

HANK! HANK CLAWSON! WHERE ARE YOU? MUMPH! LOOKED INTO FOUR OWN STOREROOM!

FUDGEE! GUMPP! HE-E-YT! LET ME OUT---

ALL RIGHT, HANK --- JUST A
MOMENT AND I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT!



UNSUSPECTING---FOR THE VOICE INSIDE THE
STORE ROOM WAS MUFFLED---PRESTON
UNBARS THE DOOR



WHOSE HORSE IS THAT
OUTSIDE, HANK -- "



UMAH!
WHAT---?



WHACK!

---LIKE
THAT!



WELL! LOOKS LIKE
I GOT ME A MOUNTIE!









AFTER NEARLY FIVE HOURS OF STEADY TRACKING, KING STOPS SHORT, HIS GAZE FIXED ON A DISTANT PINPOINT OF LIGHT



WHAT IS IT, KING? OH—
I SEE! A CAMPFIRE!
WE FOUND OUR MAN,
PARTNER!



SPENCER IS IN THAT
CAVE, KING— AND
BLACKIE'S OUTSIDE!



WE'VE GOT TO USE STRATEGY, FELLOW! IF WE
CALL TO SPENCER, HE MAY HOLE UP IN HIS CAVE
AND SHOOT IT OUT! WE MUST BRING HIM OUTSIDE.



HERE'S HOW WE'LL DO IT, BOY! YOU CREEP UP TO
BLACKIE, AND SHEN THROUGH HIS REINS—
SET BLACKIE FREE—UNDERSTAND? THEN
BRING BLACKIE TO ME!



BRING BLACKIE, KING!
BRING BLACKIE!



